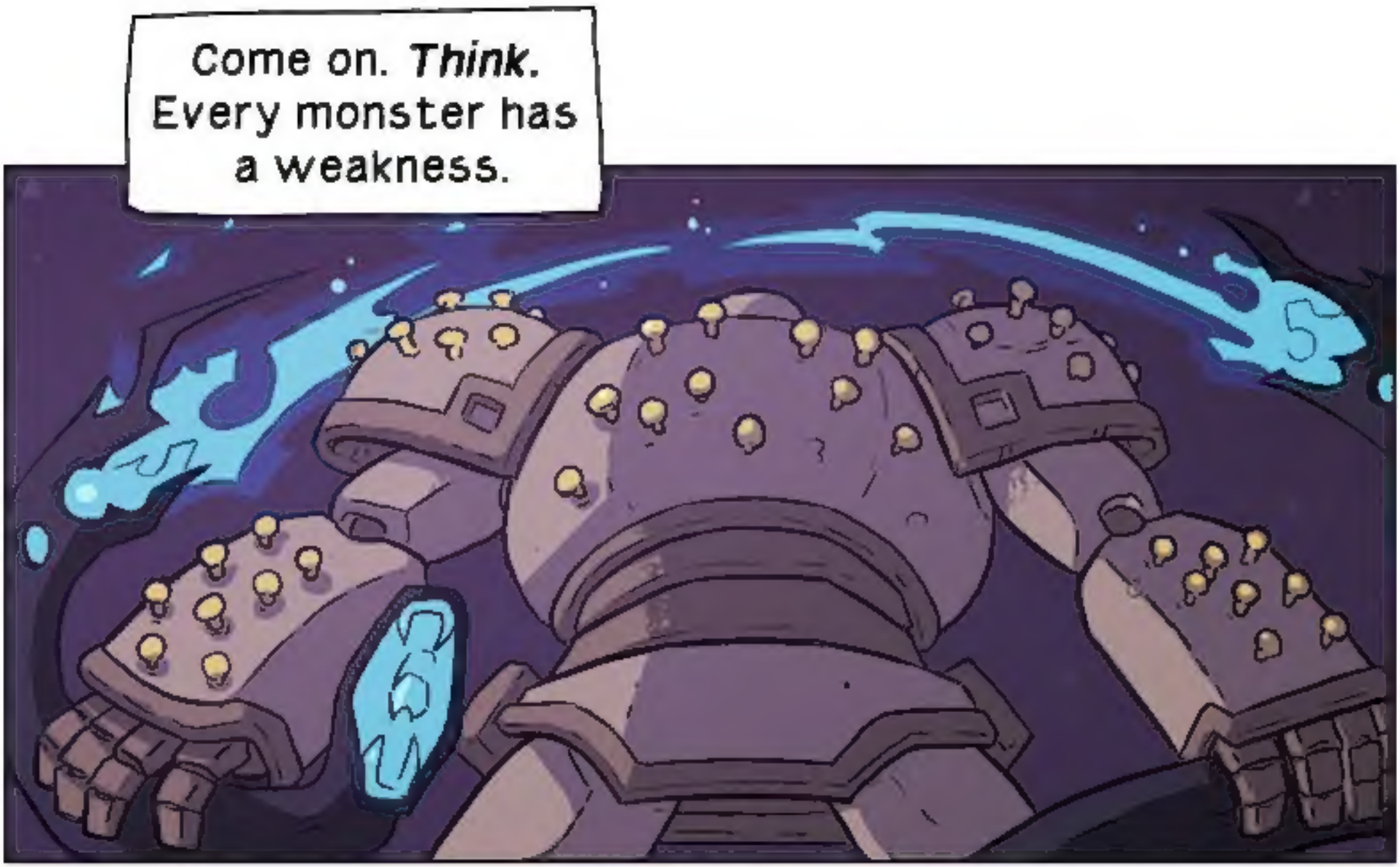
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BEN FLEUTER

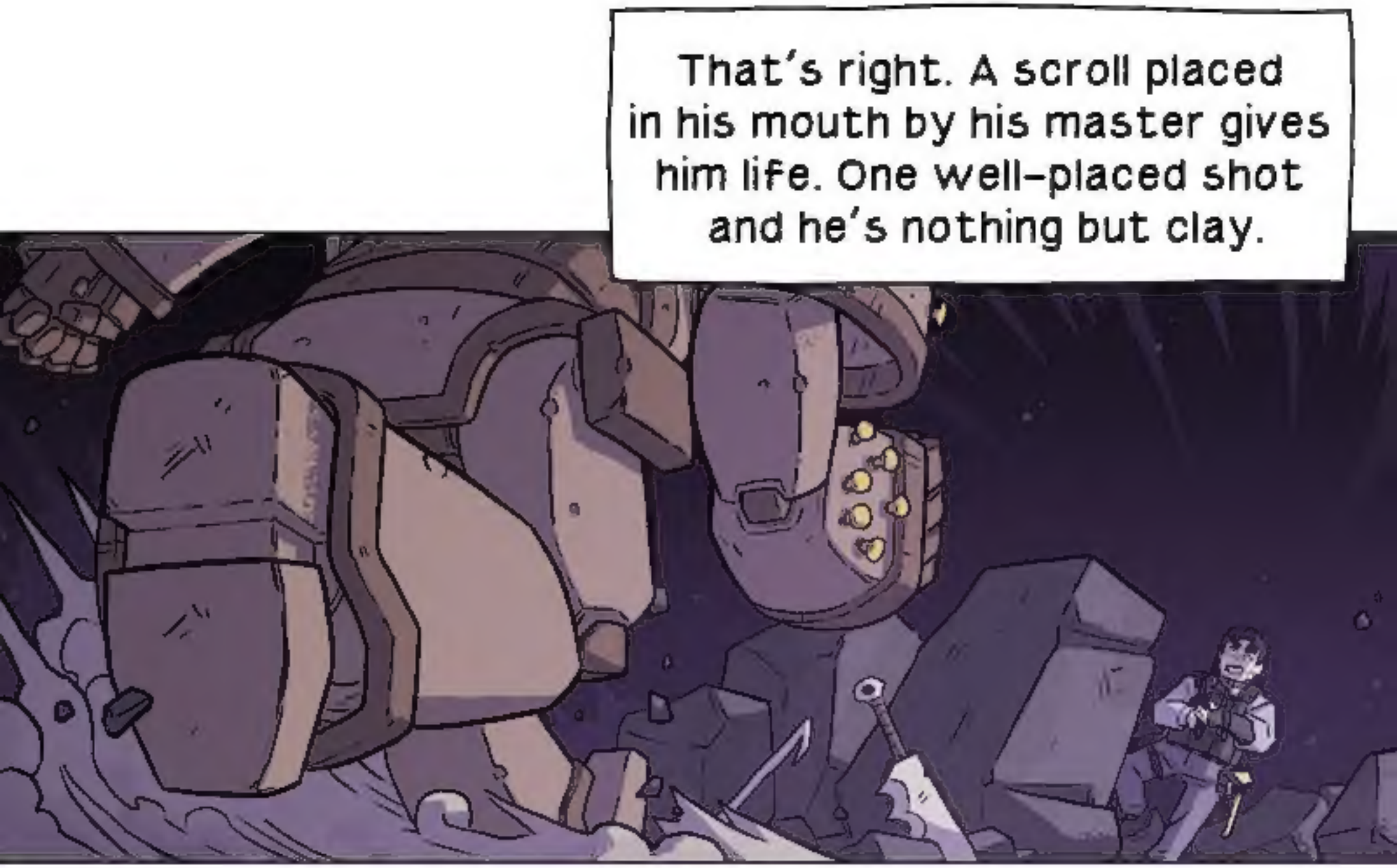
CRUNCH

Damn.
Damn!
This isn't good. Stuck behind with a golem again while Fall fights for her– no, for *our* lives.


Come on. *Think.* Every monster has a weakness.

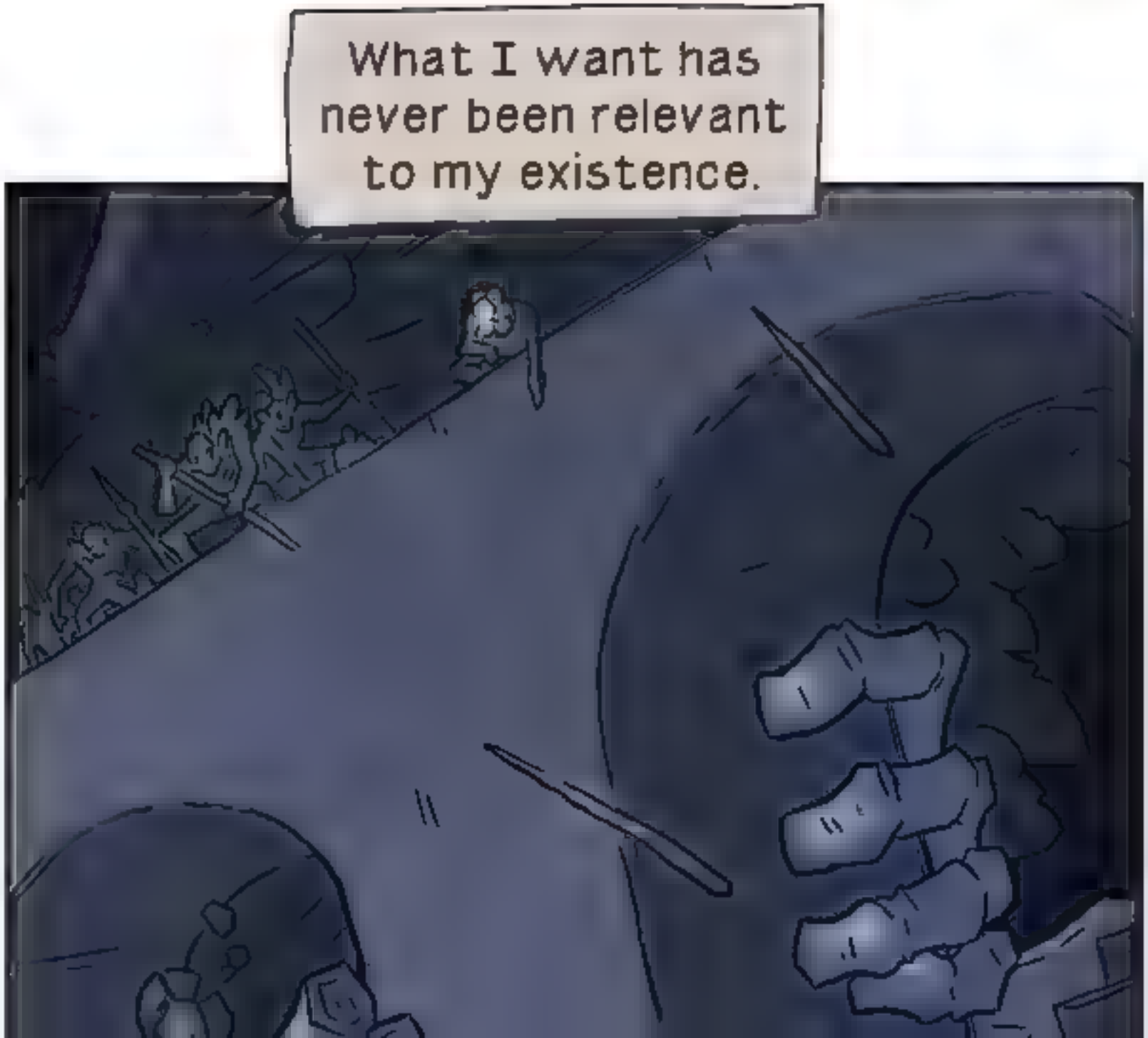
TAK

His *mouth!*


That's right. A scroll placed in his mouth by his master gives him life. One well-placed shot and he's nothing but clay.

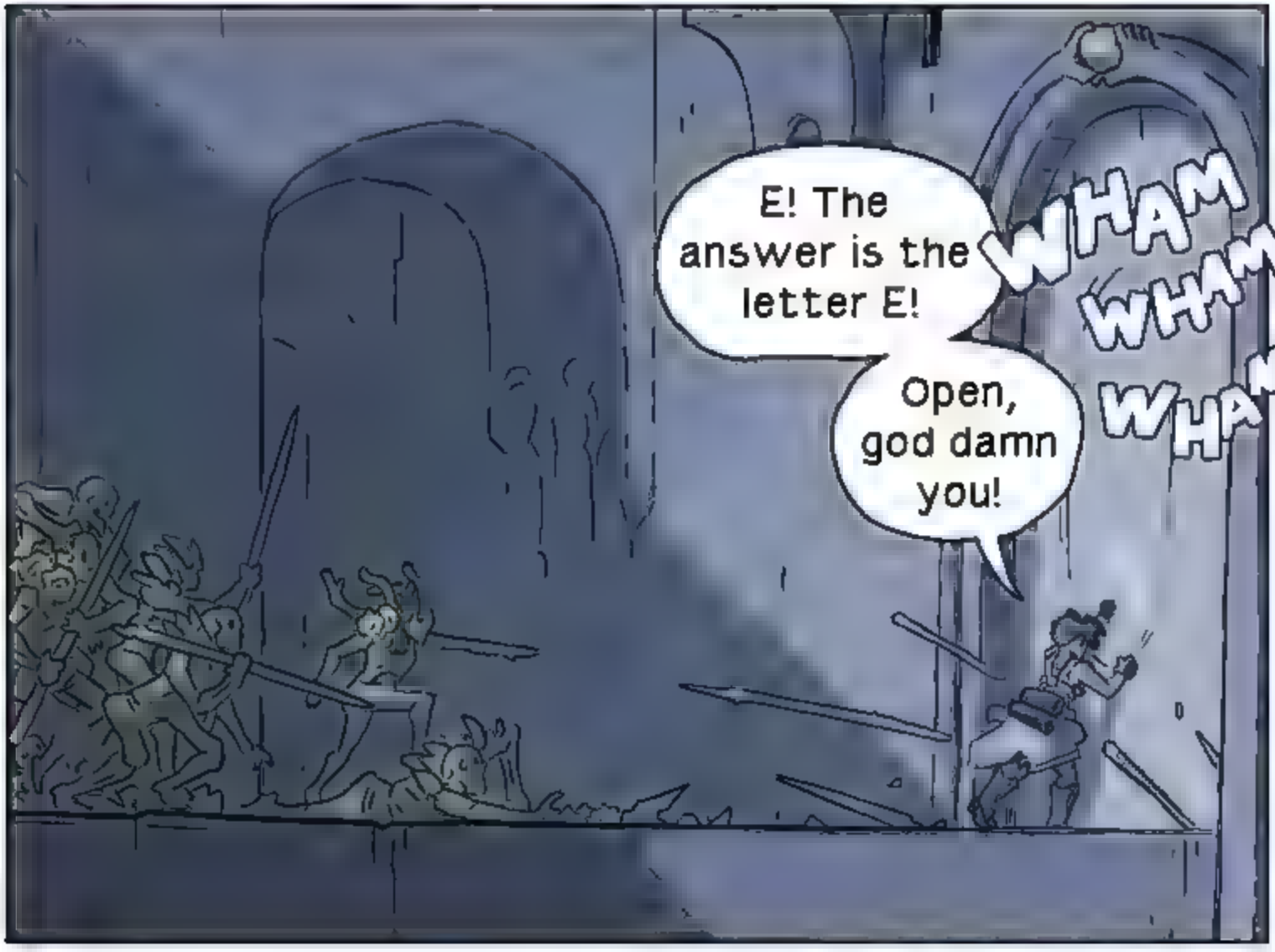
Ah. Damnit, Verdant Hunter.
Too slow.

They built you sturdy, yeled.
P-please... sir. This is not what you want.
What I want?


What I want has never been relevant to my existence.

CRAK

Be it Atlas and their entropy or the Hierophant and his destruction, I am fated to serve.



As the river is fated to flow.
SHK
HHK!

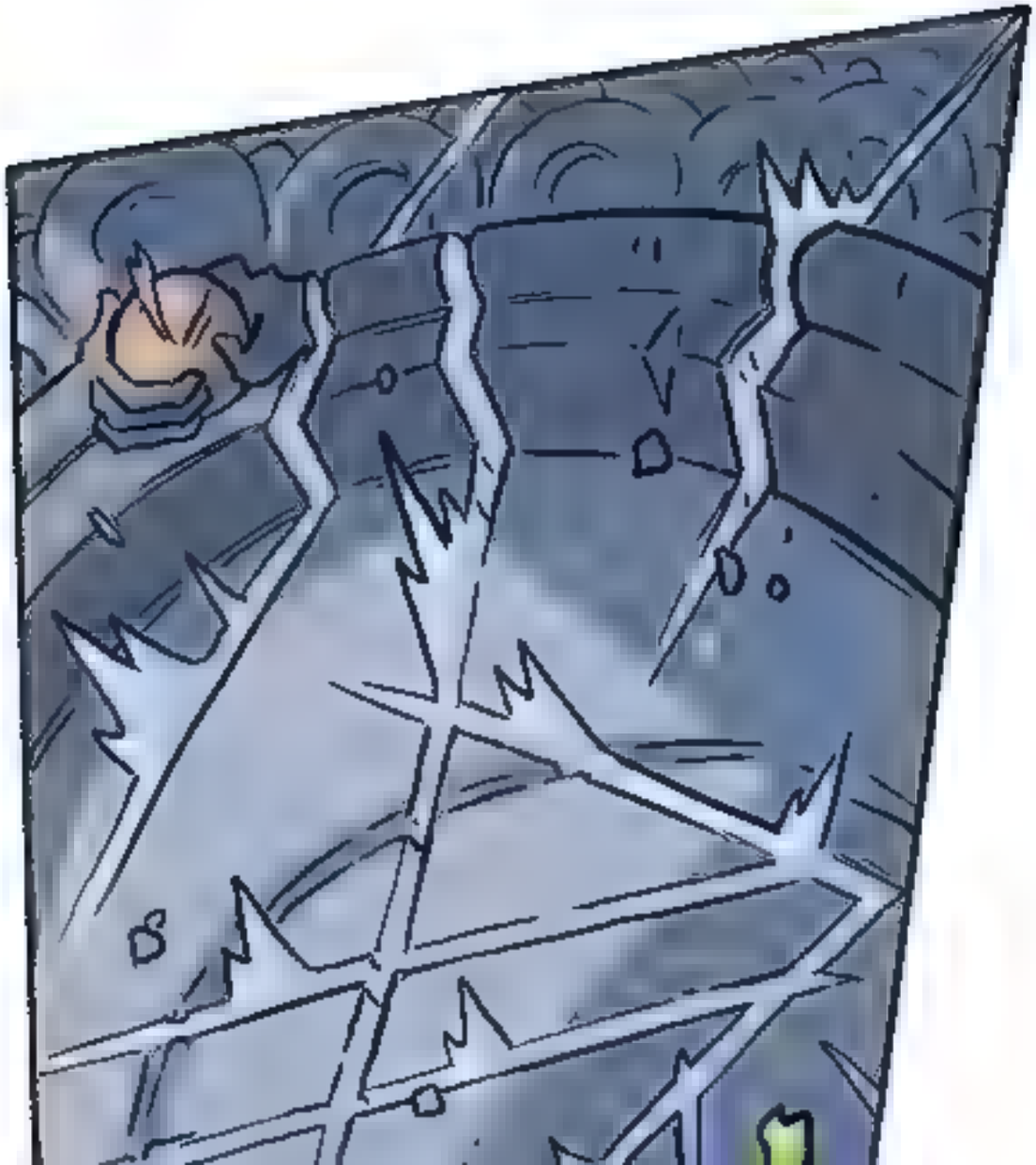
As humans are fated to die.
David... Reggie... Yun...

I...
I can't..
I'm sorry..

SHK
SHK
SHK
SHK
SHK
SHK
SLK
SLK
SLK
SHK

SHLK
SHK
SHK
SHK
SHK
SHK

I CAN'T KEEP



We are, all of us, unmoving as stone.

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